

# Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

68

Good Morning to you!

Great Sea Stories—No. 1

## THE LEGEND OF THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

LIKE the sea serpent, the story of the ghostly "Flying Dutchman" is received more often than not with pitying scepticism; pitying because critics are prone to believe that it is but another of the superstitions of the sea.

There are superstitious sailors, just as there are superstitious landmen. I have known old salts who would never dream of going to sea unless they had painted the Seal of Solomon on the rudder head. But I have never yet met a seaman who would deny the possibility of a ghost ship. There is a great difference between having a charm to ward off danger and a denial of a mystery.

They have seen it

I think I am right in saying that Commander Campbell, of B.B.C. fame, has admitted that he himself saw what could have been taken for the "Flying Dutchman." It is a fact that perfectly sober and sane ships' masters have affirmed that they saw the apparition. One cannot accuse such men of either deliberate lying or being led astray by a "mirage."

In this connection let me state that I myself saw a strange "apparition" once when my ship was in the ice-fields of the North Atlantic.

We were drifting amid flocks, there was heavy fog. With an officer, I was on deck in the waist of the ship when there arose beside the rail a form of denser fog than the white stuff that blotted out the sea.

This form seemed to slide upward, hovered for a moment in front of us, then glided higher and was lost in the general gloom. The officer beside me was somewhat shaken, as I was. The form was that of a man in officer's dress, half seaboots, peaked cap.

"That," said the officer, "is the form of my cousin. He's on the Philadelphia run."

When we got to port he heard that his cousin had been drowned at sea.

I cannot explain this; nor can I explain the "Flying Dutchman." It is easy to be sceptical. But I do know that the story of the "Flying Dutchman" is world wide, even if there are some details different in different countries. That is almost inevitable.

Vanderdecken

Vanderdecken was his name. He commanded a big merchantman that left Holland bound for the Dutch East Indies. As a commander he was a capable seaman, but a violent individual who never would allow his will to be thwarted. He ruled his ship in two-fisted manner, and often boasted that he feared neither God nor Devil.

He ran into bad weather when rounding the Cape of Good Hope (which was then called the Cape of Storms by seafaring men), and headwinds bore down on him fiercely.

He persisted in rounding the Cape, but the gale tore down his foremast and rigging, and strained his main and mizzen masts, snatched away his sheets and broke the spars.

His crew became so weary that they could not face the gale, and petitioned Vanderdecken to let the ship run before the wind until the tempest was spent. The Dutchman's reply was blasphemous and direct. He had been drinking heavily, and swore that nothing in Heaven or Hell would take him off his course.

He did not spare his men, who had had no sleep for several days, and as the gale increased to hurricane strength, with torrential rain, thunder and lightning, so did Vanderdecken become more defiant and more blasphemous.

The ship was in a state of helplessness, her sails gone, her rigging in a tangle of gear and broken cordage, when out of the murk there broke a Vision of a celestial figure, who addressed the drunken skipper and told him that for his blasphemies and his stubborn wickedness he was doomed.

Vanderdecken, in a drunken rage, tried to shoot the figure, but the bullet had not any effect; and, standing on his quarterdeck amid the storm, Vanderdecken heard his name called and the curse laid upon him.

"For ever you shall sail against headwinds, trying to round the Cape, and never shall you make headway. Your ship will be for ever a phantom, in which you will stand every watch without rest, without hope, without release. You will be an evil thing whom men will avoid, or having seen, will recognise as evil." The voice ceased, the thun-

der roared again the lightning flashed, and Vanderdecken and his ship sailed into the gloom, but did not come out of it. The vessel vanished from human sight.

That is the story, but there is the sequel. It is grim enough. As I have said, the ghost of Vanderdecken's ship has been seen by responsible officers and crews. The accounts all tally in detail generally, and are to the effect that in bad weather there comes out of the grey-ness of the ocean and mist of the skies the form of a full-rigged ship, sailing alone and noiselessly, her sheets swelling to a breeze that does not blow, her helm hard down, her prow rising and falling with the tide.

A whaler's view

More than once this ghost ship has been hailed as she crossed the bows of a vessel; but never has there been a signal or sign that the hail was heard.

The "Flying Dutchman" was said to have been seen by a whaler in 1938 bound for the South. The weather was bad, and the whaler—a Norwegian one named the "Orlos"—had been making heavy going. Fog and mist arose and sleet added to the discomforts. Her lookout saw the phantom and raised the shout of warning: "Ship on the starboard bow."

The mate of the whaler saw her from the bridge and yelled an order to the steersman, who spun the spokes round to avoid the crash.

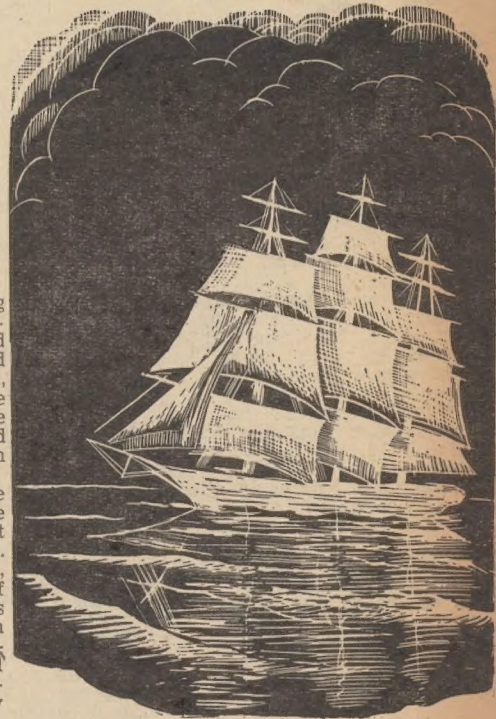
But there was no crash. Out of the mist and flying spume the "Flying Dutchman" had come in the night, and into the darkness she went, although she was so near that, in the words of the mate of the whaler, it would have been possible to have tossed a line aboard her.

Well, there it is. It may sound fantastic, crude, savouring of the days of superstition. But to those men who have claimed to have seen her the "Flying Dutchman" is more than superstition.

One thing is certain. The story is founded on fact. For Vanderdecken was the name of a master mariner who sailed from Holland and disappeared with his ship and crew off the Cape. She was last spoken as she was beating her way against wind and gale in an attempt to round the Cape. There is no doubt that she foundered. And this Vanderdecken's character was just the character of the man whose name is now a legend and a warning.

The blind sailor

Who told the story of the "Flying Dutchman" first? It came from Cape Town, when the Dutch were masters there. Into a house one dismal, stormy night a seaman staggered, weeping and painful. He told of the disaster to his ship and of the curse that had been laid upon her. He had been swept off Vanderdecken's deck during the storm, had seized a piece of wreckage, and had been over two days and nights in the water before being cast up on land.



## NEWS—FRAE SCOTLAND

NAVAL PADRE.

THE congregation was deeply moved in St. Andrew's Cathedral, Aberdeen, the other day, at a service at which Bishop F. L. Deane's long episcopate in Aberdeen and Orkney ended on his retirement on the grounds of health and age. He was consecrated and enthroned in the cathedral 26 years ago. In his good-bye address the Bishop spoke of the happiness he had had in ministering to the men of the Royal Navy in the last war, and of going to and fro from Aberdeen and the Arctic Circle among the Forces in this war. He said: "I have greatly loved this city and diocese, the wide countryside, the sea, the islands, and all who dwell here, and I have loved them widely irrespective of church and creed, of class or station."

THE VAN LAD.

SPEAKING of long service, there walked into the office the other day bluff and happy-looking Chief Stoker Thomas Bolton, a native of Loanhead, Midlothian, whose home is now at Marionville Road, Edinburgh, and who has just completed 25 years' service with the Royal Navy. He said Loanhead folk might possibly remember "the cheery lad on the 'Store' van." He has taken part in many major engagements during this war. Was at the bombardment of Genoa, the Battle of Spertanto, the sinking of the Bismarck, and at the North African landing. During the last-mentioned his corvette was dive-bombed for three days. The shooting was good, and in between times the sailors were busy rescuing Nazi airmen from the sea. Awards to the crew for those hectic days were one D.S.O., two D.S.M.s and five mentions in dispatches.

He was blind, and his blindness was caused by lightning. The flash, he claimed, that had taken place when the Voice spoke to the captain and foretold his doom. He was the only one saved from that hell-ship. Well, suppose the man was mad, does that dispose of the mystery to how modern seamen have seen the phantom? All I have done is to tell the strange story.



Her war rouge is black oil, her job servicing submarines, and she does it cheerily.

## SO 'LANA TURNER' MAY BOMB BERLIN

By CALL BOY

ONE afternoon recently, on a Yorkshire airfield, the ceremony of the adoption of the 427th or "Lion" Squadron of the Royal Canadian Air Force, by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, took place.

Mr. Eckman presented a bronze lion to Wing Commander D. A. Burnside, D.F.C. and Bar, who is in command. His happy and witty speech was greeted with enthusiasm by the several hundred airmen who were drawn up on the field.

Names by vote

The ceremony of "naming the kites" was a great success. The entire personnel of the Squadron had voted for their favourite Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars—the ones after whom they would like their four-engined bombers to be named. Very naturally, as most of them are comparative youngsters, the biggest number of



Rochester, world famed in Jack Benny broadcasts and numerous films, the latest of which is "The Meanest Man in the World."

votes went to the girls, and particularly to the "lovelies," although there were plenty of votes for men.

Finally, the captain of each bomber drew a name out of a hat held by Wing Commander H. M. Carscasses, to decide which bomber should be named after which star.

Among the selected stars, whose names were stencilled on the fuselage of the planes, are Greer Garson, Joan Crawford, Judy Garland, Lana Turner, Hedy Lamarr, Irene Dunne, Laraine Day, Eleanor Powell, Myrna Loy, Merle Oberon, Spencer Tracy, Walter Pidgeon, "Rochester," George Murphy, Abbott and Costello, and Van Heflin.

Lovely Lana

The biggest vote of all was for Lana Turner; but she only beat Hedy Lamarr by two; and Greer Garson was a close third.

Spencer Tracy easily led the male stars.

If it were possible to get a commentary upon some future raid on the Reich in which these bombers take part, we might expect to hear something like the following:—

"Lana Turner took off at 23.00 hours and was joined over the Channel by Spencer Tracy and George Murphy. As they neared the target area a huge glow was visible. Joan Crawford and Rochester had already set the town alight. Making a circuit before the bombing run, they saw Pidgeon drop a big one right on a large block of factory buildings. Eleanor Powell danced considerably with the force of the explosion, while Abbott and Costello nearly came to grief as their tails touched."



Lana Turner, star of Warner Bros., who topped the bomber poll. We still wonder how Bob Taylor had the heart to double-cross her in "Johnny Eager."



Bud Abbott (left) and Lou Costello rough-riding in their newest Universal laugh-riot, "Ride 'Em, Cowboy."



## Periscope Page

# QUIZ for today

1. What is a stifle?
2. Who wrote (a) "Master Humphrey's Clock," (b) "The Master of Ballantrae"?
3. One of these words is not in the Bible; which is it: Judge, Counsel, Witness, Sentence, Fine, Imprisonment, Legal, Law?
4. What well-known English poet was arrested as a spy?
5. Where is Medicine Hat?
6. What is "Dog's Nose"?
7. Who was the first king of all England?
8. What is ginger?
9. Who were (a) the Vicar of Wakefield, (b) the Vicar of Bray?
10. How many acres are there in a square mile?
11. Which of the following animals are vegetarians: Leopard, Camel, Hippopotamus, Elephant, Polar Bear?
12. Where is the Bridge of Sighs?

## Answer to Quiz in No. 67

1. American Pygmy Shrew, 1½ inches long; seven weigh an ounce.
2. Röntgen, in 1895.
3. Sherry.
4. From Artois, France, where they originated.
5. It flows into the Gulf of Riga.
6. Fossils.
7. Florida, U.S.A.
8. (a) Secret writings, (b) flowerless plants.
9. 31st October, the last day of the old Celtic year.
10. Four inches.
11. 39.
12. Sterne's "Sentimental Journey."

## ODD CORNER

A TREE recently went to a Brighton saw-mill. Embedded in the trunk, which had grown completely round it, was a live anti-aircraft shell, left over from the last war! Stones and chains similarly enclosed in living wood are not uncommon.

A tree may weigh twenty tons or more. Where does all that substance come from? Certainly not from the soil, or there would be a great hole underneath every tree. It comes from the air! It is mostly carbon in combination with water, and the tree gets it from the carbon dioxide in the atmosphere. The transformation takes place in the leaves under the action of sunlight.

The salvage scientists have been trying to find uses for waste wood-turnings and sawdust. A form of sugar has been made on a small scale from sawdust, by means of living bacteria. These are obtained from the intestines of animals like the New Forest ponies, which eat twigs and woody matter and get nourishment from it.

Processes have also been discovered for converting sawdust into oxalic acid, and a fuel for producer-gas plants. The fuel is prepared by carbonising the sawdust and compressing it into briquettes, but only sawdust from selected trees will do. The Nazis claim to have made chocolate from sawdust, but English girls are not envious!

# Time Table

By NIGEL MORLAND

THE death of Mrs. Aspinall within a week of her second marriage came as a shock to her friends, yet it was not wholly surprising. She was a determined, dominating woman who went cold-bloodedly after what she wanted. One of these things was Gerald Aspinall. He was a widower, a mild little man who had made a fortune out of a new type of suction pump.

Comfort, security, everything in life could be obtained by marrying Aspinall. The woman attained her objective quickly, in spite of the efforts of young Dick Aspinall, who saw the trap into which his helpless father was falling.

It was well known the new Mrs. Aspinall was a bitter, hateful creature. She showed it after she was married; but the police had to interfere when she was found sitting at a solitary meal, dead, with every evidence of having committed suicide.

Because Aspinall was a friend of the Commissioner, Mrs. Pym personally took over, and went to the Aspinall dining-room an hour after the discovery of the tragedy.

The dead woman was slumped in her chair. A cold supper was spread on the table, and close to her stiffening fingers was a glass containing the dregs of a powerful irritant poison. It was an odd place to commit suicide.

It was possible to gauge times fairly closely. The cook had gone for her evening out at six o'clock, returning at nine because the weather broke, when she had found her mistress. That narrowed it to three hours,

which was the period accepted by the doctor as the limits of the tragedy. The alibis of the Aspinalls were checked. The father and son were both at a theatre with friends during the hours Mrs. Aspinall had been alone.

Mrs. Pym scrutinised the body, then the table, and examined the glass containing the poison. She interviewed Aspinall and his son.

## MISSING WORDS

C	O	N		T				
C	O	N		T				T
C	O	N						T
C	O	N		T				T
C	O	N	T					T
C	O	N	T					
C	O	N						
C	O	N						T
C	O	N						T

This puzzle is made up of nine words, all beginning with C O N. All you have to do is to fill in the missing letters. For your guidance, all the Ts are filled in. Here are the clues:

1. To force.
2. To compile.
3. To compel.
4. Cramped.
5. Female baritone.
6. Obstinate disobedience.
7. An assembly.
8. O.K.
9. We did this at school.

## 3-MINUTE THRILLER

Certain concrete facts emerged. Mrs. Aspinall was a heavy drinker. It suggested she MIGHT have killed herself in a moment of alcoholic depression, but the absence of the newly wed husband and his son at the theatre was too much of a coincidence. Mrs. Pym began a personal check-up.

She still wanted confirmation. Mrs. Aspinall's habits, manners and behaviour were thoroughly studied. It was a case answering to patient routine. What decided Mrs. Pym was Dick Aspinall's very real devotion to his father and his loudly voiced objections to marriage with a woman who lacked any scruples at all.

She went to the Aspinall home to interview the two men.

(Solution on Page 3)

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 30

1. MANY, TINY, DENY, PONY, PUNY.
2. CRUSTACEAN, LENS.
3. PITY, PITS, PINS, FINS, FIND, FOND, FOOD, GOOD, STAR, SOAR, SOAP, SLAP, SLOP, STOP, STOW, SNOW, WRONG, WRING, BRING, BRINE, TRINE, THINE, THING.
4. MUCK, MOCK, ROCK, RACK, RACE, RATE, RAKE.
5. Tan, Tin, Ten, Ton, Tat, Not, Nil, Can, Toe, Ale, etc.
6. Tent, Cone, Cote, Coat, Tune, Tile, Cent, Clan, Late, etc.



By HERMAN MELVILLE

After an hour or so the shower passed away. My companion slept through it all, or at least appeared so to do; and now that it was over I had not the heart to awaken him.

As I lay on my back completely shrouded with verdure, the leafy branches drooping over me, and my limbs buried in grass, I could not avoid comparing our situation with that of the interesting babes in the wood. Poor little sufferers!—no wonder their constitutions broke down under the hardships to which they were exposed.

During the hour or two spent under the shelter of these bushes, I began to feel symptoms which I at once attributed to the exposure of the preceding night.

Cold shiverings and a burning fever succeeded one another at intervals, while one of my legs was swelled to such a degree, and pained me so acutely, that I half suspected I had been bitten by some venomous reptile, the congenial inhabitant of the chasm from which we had lately emerged.

I may here remark by the way—that I subsequently learned—that all the islands of Polynesia enjoy the reputation, in common with the Hibernian isle, of being free from the presence of any vipers; though whether Saint Patrick ever visited them, is a question I shall not attempt to decide.

As the feverish sensation increased upon me I tossed about, still unwilling to disturb my slumbering companion, from whose side I removed two or three yards. I chanced to push aside a branch, and by so doing suddenly disclosed to my view a scene which even now I can recall with all the vividness of the first impression.

Had a glimpse of the gardens of Paradise been revealed to me, I could scarcely have been more ravished with the sight.

From the spot where I lay transfixed with surprise and delight, I looked straight down into the bosom of a valley, which swept away in long wavy undulations to the blue waters in the distance.

Midway towards the sea, and peering here and there amidst the foliage, might be seen the palmetto-thatched houses of its inhabitants, glistening in the sun that had bleached them to a dazzling whiteness. The vale was

more than three leagues in length, and about a mile across at its greatest width.

On either side it appeared hemmed in by steep and green acclivities, which, uniting near the spot where I lay, formed an abrupt and semi-circular termination of grassy cliffs and precipices hundreds of feet in height, over which flowed numberless small cascades.

But the crowning beauty of the prospect was its universal verdure; and in this indeed consists, I believe, the peculiar charm of every Polynesian landscape. Everywhere below me, from the base of the precipice upon whose very verge I had been unconsciously reposing, the surface of the vale presented a mass of foliage, spread with such rich profusion that it was impossible to determine of what description of trees it consisted.

But perhaps there was nothing

## ROUND THE WORLD

with our Roving Cameraman



### THE WALKING CACTUS

Some time ago, Arthur N. Pack, President of the American Nature Association, accompanied by two other well-known naturalists and a cameraman, went out along the Mexican border to get to know the wild inhabitants of the Saukaura Forest of Arizona. But the animals were shy, and just wouldn't be photographed.

To get over the difficulty the exploring naturalists employed a cactus "blind." They rigged up a contraption in imitation of a giant cactus, and inside it a member of the party got near enough the little dwellers to take pictures of their home life, without the creatures knowing they were being "shot."

about the scenery I beheld more impressive than those silent cascades, whose slender threads of water, after leaping down the steep cliffs, were lost amidst the rich herbage of the valley.

Over all the landscape there reigned the most hushed repose, which I almost feared to break,

thus suddenly been made a spectator of such a scene.

Recovering from my astonishment at the beautiful scene before me, I quickly awakened Toby, and informed him of the discovery I had made. Together we now repaired to the border of the precipice, and my companion's admiration was equal to my own.

## Who it it?

He was the son of a general farmer, went to the local free school, learnt a little Latin and less Greek, married a yeoman's daughter, took to poaching, fled to London, wrote poetry, held horses outside a theatre, became an actor, and died worth a great deal of money. Who was he?

(Answer on Page 3)

lest, like the enchanted gardens in the fairy tale, a single syllable might dissolve the spell.

For a long time, forgetful alike of my own situation, and the vicinity of my still slumbering companion, I remained gazing around me, hardly able to comprehend by what means I had

A little reflection, however, abated our surprise at coming so unexpectedly upon this valley, since the large vales of Happa and Typee, lying upon this side of Nukuheva, and extending a considerable distance from the sea towards the interior, must necessarily terminate somewhere about this point.

The question now was as to which of those two places we were looking down upon.

Toby insisted that it was the abode of Happa, and I that it was tenanted by their enemies, the ferocious Typees. To be sure I was not entirely convinced by my own arguments, but Toby's proposition to descend at once into the valley, and partake of the hospitality of its inmates, seemed to

Continued on Page 3.

## JANE

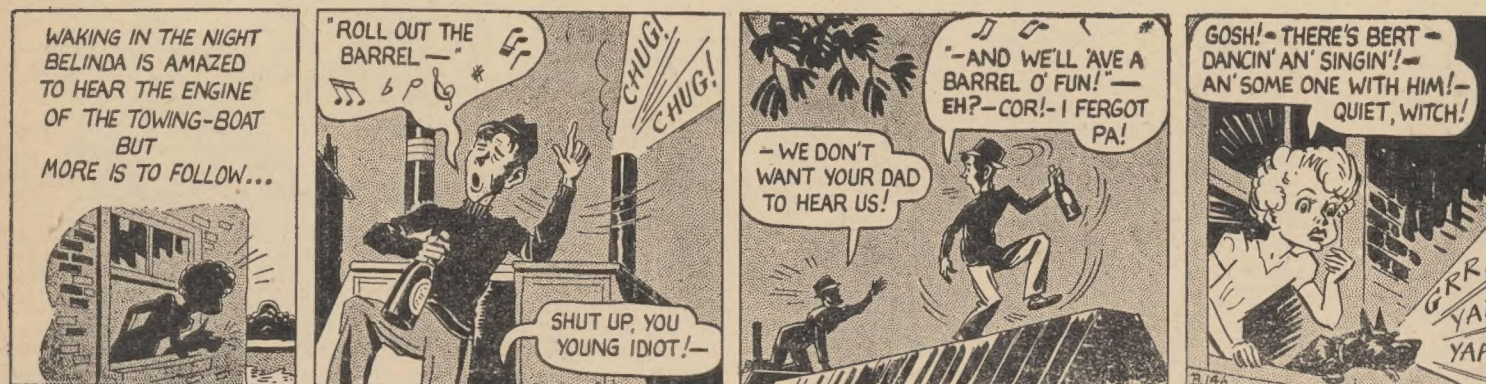




## Beelzebub Jones



## Belinda



## Popeye



## Ruggles



# TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

me to be risking so much upon the strength of a mere supposition, that I resolved to oppose it until we had more evidence to proceed upon.

The point was one of vital importance, as the natives of Happa were not only at peace with Nukuheva, but cultivated with its inhabitants the most friendly relations, and enjoyed beside a reputation for gentleness and humanity which led us to expect from them, if not a cordial reception, at least a shelter during the short period we should remain in their territory.

On the other hand, the very name of Typee struck a panic into my heart which I did not attempt to disguise. The thought of voluntarily throwing ourselves into the hands of these cruel savages, seemed to me an act of mere madness; and almost equally so the idea of venturing into the valley, uncertain by which of these two tribes it was inhabited.

My companion, however, incapable of resisting the tempting

prospect which the place held out of an abundant supply of food and other means of enjoyment, still clung to his own inconsiderate view of the subject, nor could all my reasoning shake it. When I reminded him that it was impossible for either of us to know anything with certainty, and when I dwelt upon the horrible fate we should encounter were we rashly to descend into the valley, and discover too late the error we had committed, he replied by detailing all the evils of our present condition, and the sufferings we must undergo should we continue to remain where we then were.

Anxious to draw him away from the subject, if possible—for I saw that it would be in vain to attempt changing his mind—I directed his attention to a long bright unwooded tract of land which, sweeping down from the elevations in the interior, descended into the valley before us.

I then suggested to him that beyond this ridge might lie a capacious and untenanted valley,

abounding with all manner of delicious fruits; for I had heard that there were several such upon the island, and proposed that we should endeavour to reach it, and if we found our expectations realised we should at once take refuge in it and remain there as long as we pleased.

He acquiesced in the suggestion; and we immediately, therefore, began surveying the country lying before us, with a view of determin-

ing upon the best route for us to pursue; but it presented little choice, the whole interval being broken into steep ridges, divided by dark ravines, extending in parallel lines at right angles to our direct course. All these we would be obliged to cross before we could hope to arrive at our destination.

(Continued to-morrow)

Answer to Who Is It?  
SHAKESPEARE.

## Solution to 3 minute Thriller

"Mr. Aspinall," she addressed the husband, "I'm afraid I have some bad news for you. I dislike having to do my duty. Richard Aspinall, I am a police officer and..." The formal warning of arrest was carried out. To the father she explained, though with a feeling of acute discomfort, for the job was one she hated.

"Your son killed his step-mother when she refused to leave you. He poisoned the liquor bottle from which she drank, making several mistakes. To time the murder, he joined you at the theatre. It is near here, and an active man can run the distance in two

minutes. He made good use of an interval in the show, ran home, and found his step-mother already dead, which he anticipated.

He hurriedly laid the table as if she were at dinner, to qualify the reason for drinking and to suppress another ugly fact. He put her in her chair, and then left. But he had known her so short a time that he was unaware of her left-handedness, and laid the cutlery for a right-handed woman.

"It was the arrangement of the table that decided me. She had supposedly started to eat, at the moment of the supposed suicide, yet put her knife down on her right."

# Minimania is spreading

By PETER DAVIS

WORKING in a confined space, you may be amused—I said may—by Mr. Charles Needham, of Worthing, who has built a completely furnished six-roomed house in a match-box! Or in the Swiss engineer who has fitted the world's smallest electric motor, weighing only one-fifth of an ounce, inside a pearl.

To the psychologist, these are typical instances of minimania. Writing the Lord's Prayer on a space the size of a sixpence is nothing to some specialists in the absurdly small.

One enthusiast has engraved (with the aid of a machine) the sixty-odd words of the prayer on the head of a pin. An economical sailor—not in the trade—wrote 1,400 words to his girl on a postcard.

Scores of writers can cram 142 words into a square inch. One Czech expert has written a 5,000-word biography of the Emperor Francis Joseph on a postcard.

Another man once wrote his will on a collar-stud, perhaps determined that, whatever happened, his relatives would take good care not to let the stud roll under the dresser.

## FLOWERS FROM CRUMBS.

If this seems preposterous, you should meet Mr. Phillips, who was once a miner in the little colliery village of Cwmfelinfach, Mon. He discovered his knack of making model flowers from breadcrumbs, and found there was money in these miniature reproductions.

Mr. Wallace Rigby, too, found £ s. d. in his taste for the tiny. He began to make tiny models of aeroplanes, racing cars, even little scale replicas of such big ships as the Queen Mary—and found a ready market for miniatures.

Another expert, Mrs. Wallace, tried to breed smaller and smaller dogs, and has produced pets to fit a wine-glass. Just before the war they became surprisingly popular in the West End... perhaps because, at £5 apiece, they were almost worth their weight in gold!

Now, in aid of the Allied war effort, as something small set against something in a big way, an exhibition in Radio City, N.Y., has shown 3,000 golden spoons in a walnut shell, and an aeroplane, complete in every detail, that could stand on a grain of rice.

A painting one-seventh the size of a half-penny stamp was recently sold at the Artists' Aid China Exhibition for £320 the square inch. The artist, Mr. Arthur Lindsay, had another tiny picture priced at 300 guineas.

## TINY PICTURES.

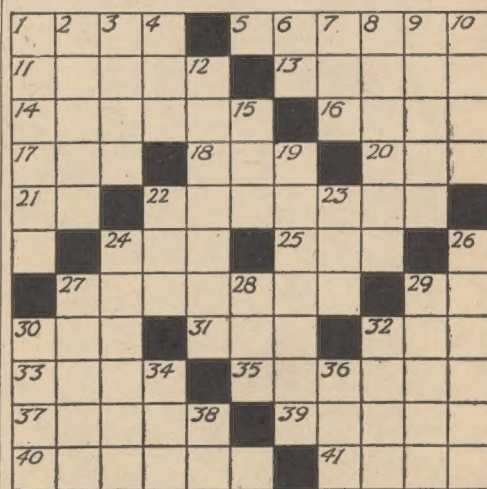
He would get on rather well, one feels, with Stanley Burchett, who paints the next smallest pictures in the world.

Like most of the miniature experts, Stanley Burchett would scorn to work with a magnifying glass. Only the naked eye, he says, can give the right perspective.

Designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens to the scale of an inch to a foot, and furnished and decorated on the same scale by 1,500 eminent artists and craftsmen, the Queen's Doll's House has conjured thousands of pounds for charity from the pockets of lovers of the small. So has the delicate Titania's Palace. At San Francisco, thousands of people have paid to see a collection of tiny curiosities, ranging from pea-size watches to finger-length violins.

Yet the tiniest object of all was a letter, three times the length of this article, written with the aid of a microscope, on—a grain of rice! How's that for size?

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Head coverings.
- 5 Wild beasts.
- 11 Metal mixture.
- 13 Tendon.
- 14 Curved.
- 16 Festive occasion.
- 17 Insect.
- 18 Tune.
- 20 Veto.
- 21 Direction.
- 22 Much.
- 24 Winnow.
- 25 Cry of disapproval.
- 27 Slender tube.
- 29 Artist.
- 30 Animal enclosure.
- 31 Exactly.
- 32 Part of theatre.
- 33 Boy's name.
- 35 Edible birds.
- 37 Fragrant oil.
- 39 Extra actor.
- 40 Subjects.
- 41 Beats colloquially.

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Light carriage.
- 2 Solitary.
- 3 Piece of ground.
- 4 Soak.
- 6 Remains.
- 7 Ship's boat.
- 8 Empower.
- 9 Fresh supply.
- 10 Water-bird.
- 12 Longed.
- 15 Wither.
- 19 Roof beams.
- 22 Blank.
- 23 Bind.
- 24 Limited.
- 26 Purveys food.
- 27 Scottish county.
- 28 Violent pull.
- 29 Got up.
- 30 Fuel.
- 32 Cryalls.
- 34 Wheel projection.
- 36 Away.
- 38 About.

HITCH SCRAP  
A WHITTLE R  
FRIED RANGE  
TONE RIDDLE  
SWERVED SET  
O SAGES A  
AIL LASTING  
WEASEL AREA  
ASPEN PRIDE  
K SACHETS L  
ENEMY ASHES



**Good Morning**

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

## TAKING A STERN VIEW

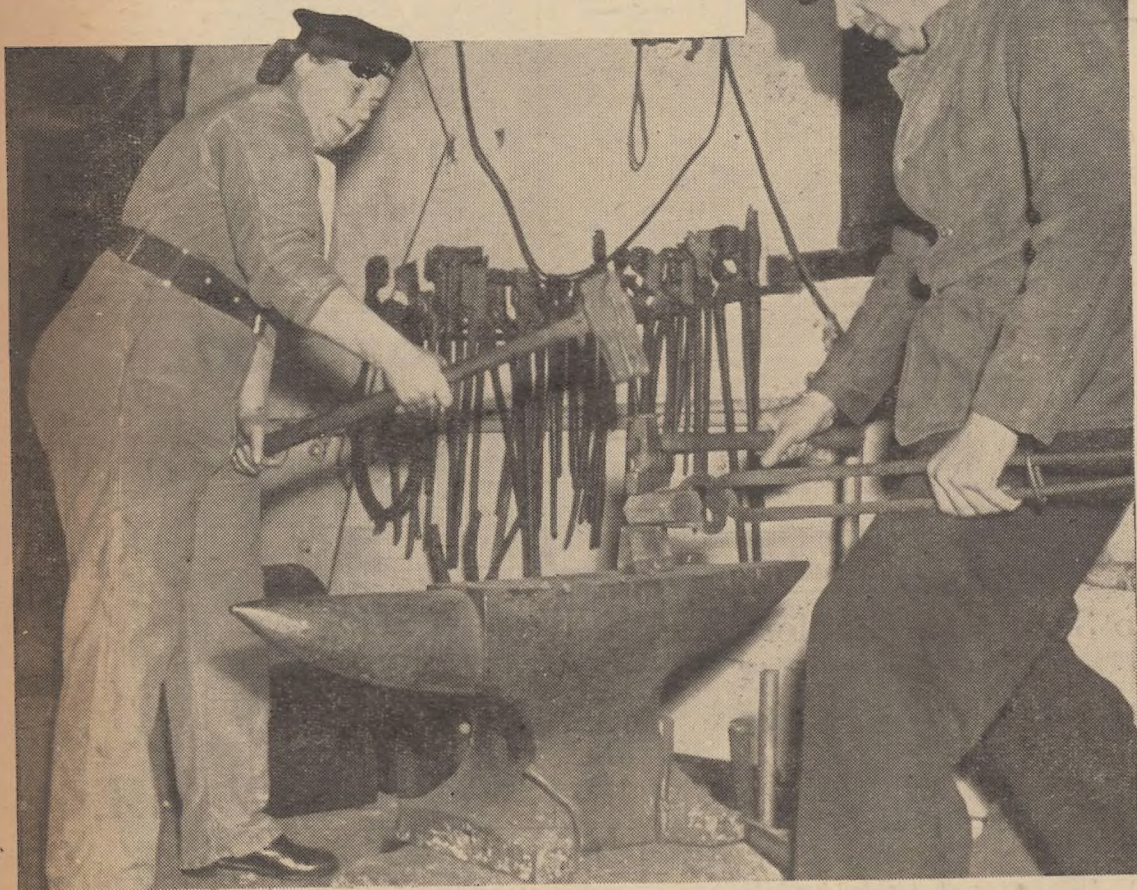
# SUBMAWRENS

Here are some glimpses of the cheerful feminine comrades who are doing such a grand job of work at the Servicing Depots of the Submarine Branch. They have picked up the rudiments of the most intricate work with great rapidity and are now showing a commendable degree of skill. These are the Wrens at work. We hope an opportunity may be presented to us to show them at play, on some future occasion.

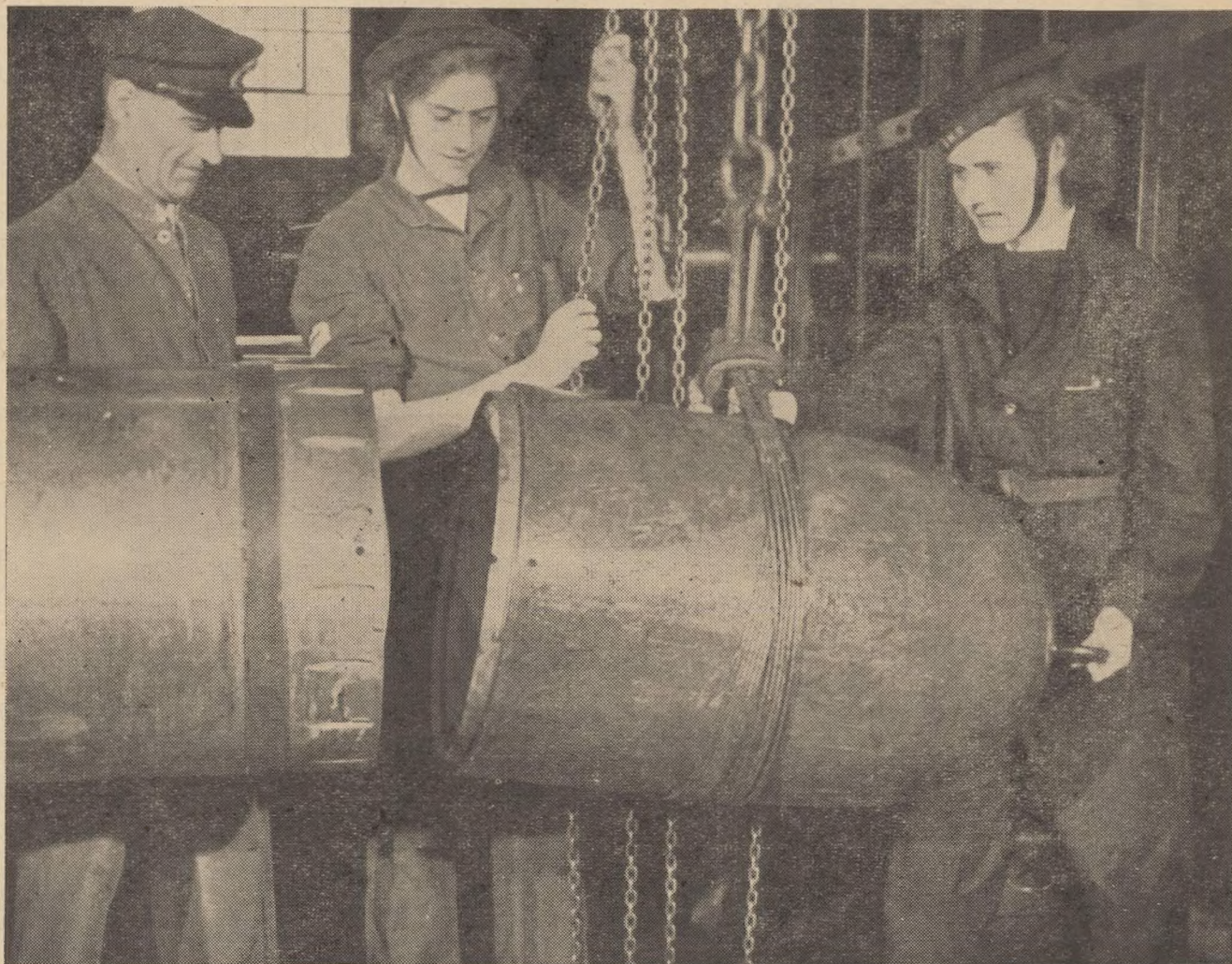


Wren torpedo gunners-mate\* making adjustments to the driving gear. Sensitive hands for delicate work.

## SHE STRIKES TO CONQUER



Acting as striker to C.P.O. Cornish (who was in the submarine service with Dunbar Naismith when he won the V.C. in the Dardanelles) this Wren has two brothers, a sister, and two brothers-in-law in the Services. No wonder she strikes with such force.



Not what you would call light work, but we imagine the fitting of a warhead on a torpedo, a skilled job. After all, she may think the beastly things are SO touchy.



### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Peep-bo!"



A Wren now serving as Periscope E.R.A.'s mate, making adjustments. Judging by her expression, we think she has a Jerry tube right in her sights.